The Appearance, Predictions and Advice of the Devil, to the National Convention of France, in the Month of Nov. 1793, taken from the Sans Cullotes Gazette.

WHILE the Convention was taken up with their favourite regulations of the armies of the Republic, and giving new energy and whet to the machine of death; the ghost of Philip Egalite! *heretofore Duke of Orleans, the near relation of the unfortunate Louis 16th, who was foremost in condemning the royal martyr to the scaffold; rushed in and sat at the elbow of Robertspire; at the same time commanding universal silence and solemn awe while the first leader of the rebel host of hell was to make his grand entry among his faithful servants—when Lo! his infernal majesty appeared from an under-vault in flames of smoak and sulphur, his head encircled with hissing snakes, whips ond scorpions in his left hand, and in his right the denunciations of the royal family—the [illegible] of the guillotine [illegible] against the nation, which with an horrible smile of applause he [illegible] and thus addressed his trusty Synod—"Servants of my infernal reign, tho' ingratitude be my characteristic, I am still bound to [illegible] you, and to assure you that though only seen by some of your congenial assembly—my influence, my councils, my aid and flaming wishes are always among you—but know that should pity, mercy or remorse, for a moment reach your hearts, should you spare dignity, rank, sex or age, or yield one inch to religion or priesthood* (the bitterest foes to my Reign) *your past colours are then eraced! above all things abolish my enemy the* sabbath—*support republican liberty and equality—Let the hang-man and guilline stand as the first patriots, at the head and finisher of the law—Let them conduct your councils and be your* national toast—*Thus far at present—again expect my further approbation and directions keep every drop of blood that may hereafter descend from the scaffold, and drink it to your fellow labourers in my service.' Having finished this harangue to his senate of France, the Devil disappeared in flames, while the convention al Demons followed his exit with eyes of admration and voted that honourable mention be made of his labourous attention to the public, in their* secret Committees! *Then sprung forward Barrere and all the infernal legion of the mountain, the Sans Culottes, the Jacobins, and all the stunch Blood-hounds of France, licking their lips for royal blood, vowing destruction to royalty and nobility, and pledging themselves to their* cloven-footed master *to raise the scavenger upon an equality with the Princes of the royal blood; tax the cinder-wench high as the females of the house of Austria, and hereafter to worship no other deity than that unblushing maid who can bear the fraternal embraces of the whole convention without a qualm "For this is the religion of philosophy and reason."*

The King of Hell being expected shortly again to make his solemn entry among his Servants, his speeches shall be given at length, as they appear in the papers of Paris—For every paper respecting the arrival of the grand Devil may be looked on as authentic from that capital.